5: Pollard M-5 (no date) 1921 AE4 Lolo AE4

This goat, however, was not at all anxious to come, for the fold was in another part of the premises. He did not seem at all desirous to make the acquaintance of the foreign visitor, and evidently only wanted to get back to the fold, where his comrades were resting and trying to get warm while the snow was falling outside.

That was the supper, all alive and walking very reluctantly into the centre of the large room in the direction of the fire-place where rested the iron tripod. It is a most uncanny sensation to have one's supper walk on its own legs towards one. I was very, very hungry, but I was a man and not a wolf, and did not quite feel like dining as the monarchs of the forest and the robbers of the hill-side dine. Just then one could have sat down gladly to such a supper as one can get in certain places in the Strand, and I am sure with my eager appetite I could have done justice to all the waiter put before me. How different the scene now! The long, dark room, with no lamps and only the light of the blazing fire; no tables with clean white cloths, and sparkling glasses and brightly polished cutlery! In moments of weakness, or when one wants to conjure up a striking contrast to one's present position, one allows oneself to wander in thought to some of the places where he has rested and refreshed himself in years gone by. Many a time I have remembered a certain place in Moscow where I once had supper, and while I was having it I remarked to one of my companions that if I could suddenly transport some of my West China poor friends to the hall in which we were then sitting they would think that at last they had reached the heaven their missionary has sometimes told them about. You may think this is all by the way, and has nothing to do with supper *à la* Nosu. It is just because